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THE BELLS OF PEACE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

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Lilies are here, tall in
the garden bed,
And on the moor are still
the buds of May,
Roses are here—and,
tolling for our dead,
The bells of Peace make
summer holiday.

Listening? They, who in
their Springtime went?
The young, the brave dead,
leaving all behind,
All of their home, love,
laughter and content,
The village sweetness and
the western wind.

Leaving the quiet trees
and the cattle red,
The southern soft mist over
granite tor—
Whispered from life,
by secret valour led
To face the horror that
their souls abhor.

Here in the starlight to
the owls' 'To-whoo'
They wandered once—they
wander still, may-be,
Dreaming of home, clinging
the long night through
To sound and sight fastened
in memory.

Here in the sunlight and
the bracken green—
Wild happy roses starring
every lane—
Eager to reach the good that
might have been,
They *were* at peace. Are
they at peace again?

Bells of remembrance, on
this summer eve
Of our relief, Peace and
Goodwill ring in!
Ring out the Past, and let
not Hate bereave
Our dreaming dead of all
they died to win!

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

June, 1920.

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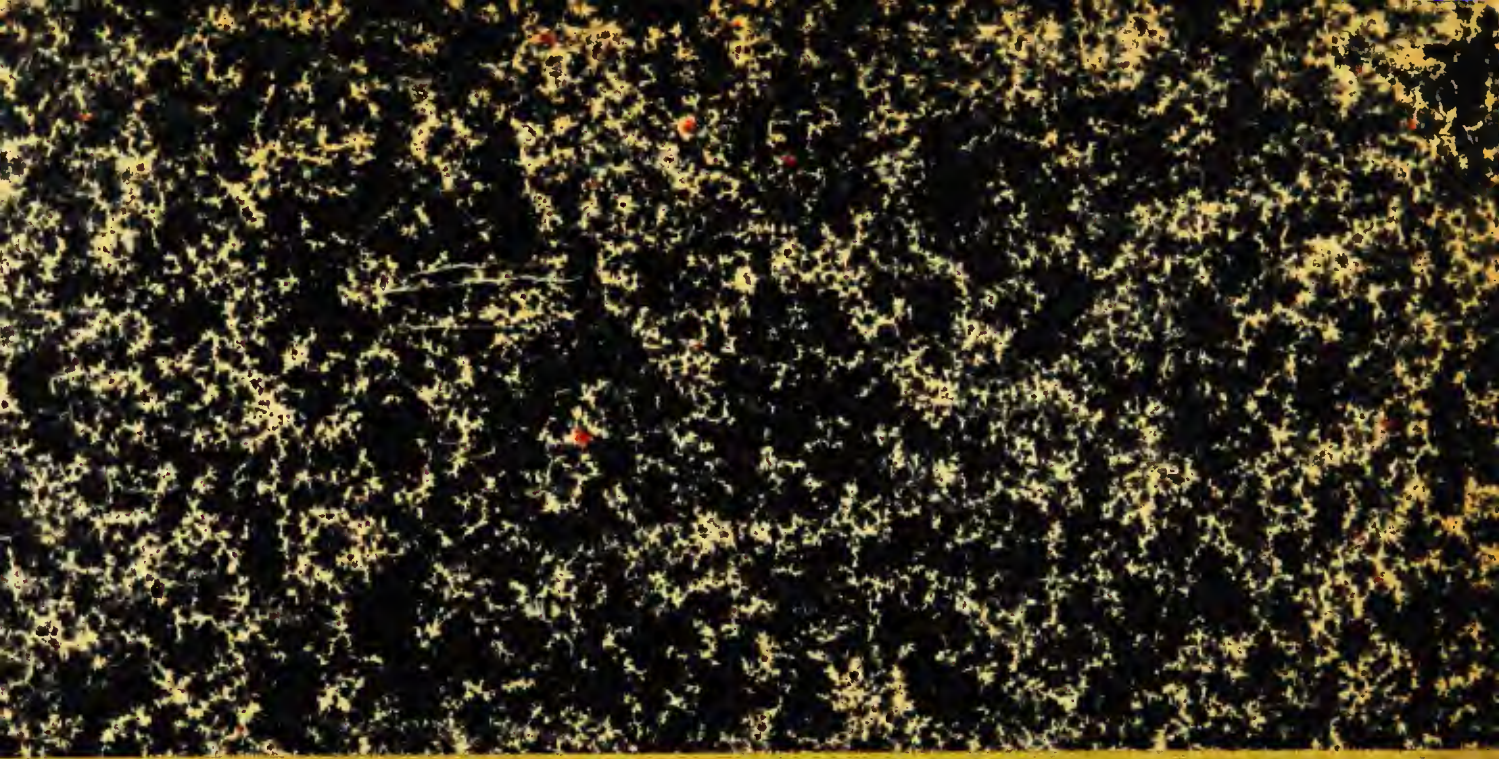
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